to the South, and that they would be strong enough in influence to combat that danger. Nothing could have been farther from my mind than the expectation that before long it would be niy lot to take an active part in that combat on the most conspicuous political stage in the country.

I had, since I left Washington, been quietly engaged in editing the Detroit *Post,,* when one day in the spring of 1867 I received, quite unexpectedly, a proposition from the proprietors of the *Westliche Post, &* daily journal published in the German language in St. Louis, Missouri, inviting me to join them, and offering me, on reasonable terms, a property interest in their prosperous concern. On further inquiry I found the proposition advantageous, and I accepted it. My connection with the Detroit *Post,* which, owing to the excellent character of the persons with whom it brought me into contact, had been most pleasant, was amicably dissolved, and I went to St. Louis to take charge of the new duties.

A particular attraction to me in this new arrangement was the association with Dr. Emil Preetorius, one of the proprietors of the *Westliche Post.* He was a native of Rhenish Hesse, close to the Bavarian Palatinate, where in 1849 the great popular uprising in favor of the National Constitution of Germany had taken place, and of the town of Alzey, which, according to ancient legend, had been the home of the great fiddler

among the heroes of the Nibelungenlied—" Volker von Alzeien," grim Hagen's valiant brother in arms. The city of Alzey still carries a fiddle in its coat of arms. Mr. Preetorius was a few years older than I. He had already won. the diploma of Doctor of Laws when the revolution of 1848 broke out. With all the ardor of his soul he threw himself into the movement for free government and had to leave the Fatherland in consequence. But all the idealisms of 1848 he brought with him to